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# SILLY SHIT

BY GRASS GREEN



WARLA LANE, once happily engaged to be married, was subjected to a weird experiment that transported her into a CAR-TOON WORLD. Now her every waking moment is spent trying to get back to her home, friends and loved ones. Will she EVER make it back--EVER? .... Who know? Keep readin'!

# A DUEL TO THE DEATH AS WARLA DARES CHALLENGE The QUEEN of SHE-MAN ISLE!



In her unending search for a way back to the real world, Warla has hired ace pilot, Don Dondon to help out.

YOU'RE SURE THIS PROFESSOR FRIEND OF YOURS CAN HELP ME GET BACK HOME?

OH, SURE! HE'S A REAL BRAIN! HE'LL GET YOU BACK!



MY, WHAT A PRETTY ISLAND! IS THAT WHERE THE PROF LIVES?

NAH! HIS ISLAND'S FARTHER FROM THE MAINLAND! THIS IS SHE-MAN ISLAND! IT'S FULL O' LESBIAN AMAZON TYPES! MEAN FEMALES!

WANNA BUZZ A LIL' CLOSER FOR A LOOK-SEE?



WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T DISTURB THEM.

AH, DON'T WORRY! THEY USE OLD, ANCIENT WEAPONS! THEY CAN'T SHOOT US DOWN OR NUTHIN'!



OUTSIDERS! --PESTERING US AGAIN! WHY CAN'T THEY JUST LEAVE US ALONE!

I WISH HIS DAMNED AIR MACHINE WOULD CEASE TO FLY!



ROWRRR!

YAH HA HAHA!  
LESBIAN BITCHES!

EEK!

YI-I-I!

AAAH!

Suddenly, as if in answer to a prayer--!

SPUT SPUT SPUT SPUT--

UH-OH! WE'RE OUTTA GAS! NO PLACE TO LAND EXCEPT ON SHE-MAN ISLAND...

OH, DEAR...







EMILIA and DON are overtaken before they can get away--



MEANWHILE, THE MAN MUST BE SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR HIS CASTRATION!

TAKE HIM AWAY!

A PLEASURE O' QUEEN!

NOW JUST A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T JUST—KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HIM! HE—

—STUPID SLAVE! YOU'LL LEARN!!

SHRILA! SUE! LOCK HER UP UNTIL THE DE-BALLING RITUAL!

RITUAL?

OF COURSE! WE DON'T GET THIS OPPORTUNITY OFTEN, SO WE MAKE IT A REAL FUN CEREMONY!!

ACTUALLY, IT'S MORE LIKE A CELEBRATION: RIDDING THE WORLD OF ANOTHER MAN! —AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

RIGHT! PHOOEY ON ALL MEN!

OUCH!

—B-BUT, WHY DO YOU HATE MEN SO TERRIBLY?

ESPECIALLY SINCE THERE'RE NONE HERE?

I—I DON'T, REALLY... I'VE NEVER KNOWN A MAN, SEXUALLY. ACTUALLY, I THINK THEY'RE KINDA CUTE, BUT...

BUT QUEEN TITTY SAYS MEN ARE NASTY ...AND WORSE THAN DOGS!

PEAH!

WHY, THAT'S NOT TRUE! ALL MEN AREN'T LIKE THAT!

THEY~THEY AREN'T?

—BUT QUEEN TITTY SAYS...

QUEEN TITTY WAS PROBABLY JILTED IN HER YOUTH, THAT'S ALL!



MEN CAN ALSO BE  
WONDERFUL! — LIKE  
MY FIANCE, TED...  
WE'RE IN LOVE, AND  
PLAN TO GET MARRIED!  
... IF I CAN EVER  
GET BACK HOME...

FORGET IT!  
QUEEN TITTY  
WOULD NEVER  
LET YOU LEAVE  
HERE!  
ESPECIALLY NOT  
TO GET MARRIED!!

—WHATEVER  
THAT IS...

OH, PLEASE HELP ME  
GET AWAY—! SURELY  
YOU'RE NOT AS JADED  
AND CRUEL AS  
QUEEN TITTY?.

I'M... I'M  
SORRY...  
W-WE CAN'T  
HELP YOU...

SHE'S RIGHT! — QUEEN TITTY IS  
QUEEN BECAUSE SHE IS THE VERY  
TOUGHEST, THE STRONGEST, THE  
MEANEST AND MOST VICIOUS!!

BUT, WAIT! THERE IS  
A RULE CONTESTING —  
"THE LAW OF CHALLENGE",  
REMEMBER, SHEILA?!

"LAW OF  
CHALLENGE"?  
WHAT'S THAT?

OH-H,  
YES!  
YES!!

ANY WOMAN ON THIS ISLAND CAN  
CHALLENGE THE REIGNING QUEEN FOR HER  
POSITION! BEAT HER, AND YOU BECOME  
QUEEN, AND CAN THEN SET UP YOUR  
RULES TO BE FOLLOWED!!

THEN I'LL DO IT!  
I'LL CHALLENGE  
HER!!

A-ARE YOU  
SURE? "SHE'S  
REMAINED QUEEN  
BECAUSE SHE IS  
TERRIBLE, JUST  
HORRID!

—AND  
SHE'LL PULL  
EVERY DIRTY  
TRICK TO WIN!  
SAVAGE!

I~ I DON'T CARE...!  
I'D RATHER DIE THAN  
STAY HERE AS HER  
LOVE-SLAVE FOREVER!  
YECHH!

OKAY, THEN!  
C'MON OUT OF  
JAIL AND GO  
MAKE YOUR  
CHALLENGE!

**BONG! BONG! BONG!!**

WH-WHAT'S  
THAT?

THE CASTRATION IS  
ABOUT TO START!  
THE GONG IS OUR  
SUMMONS TO THE  
ARENA!

— WE MUST HURRY!  
IF YOU WANT TO SAVE  
YOUR PILOT FRIEND,  
YOU MUST MAKE YOUR  
CHALLENGE TO THE  
QUEEN NOW!!





On island elder explains the rules

NUDITY PRECLUDES THE HIDING OF SECRET OR SNEAK WEAPONS!



OOO! NICE!

- AND GIVES ALL US ON-LOOKERS AN ADDITIONAL SEXUAL KICK!

AT THE FIRST TWEEET OF THE NEAREST BIRD, YOU BOTH DASH FOR THE WEAPONS, AND THE BIG BATTLE IS ON! MAY THE BEST GUY WIN!!

HA. WHAT CHANCE HAS SHE AGAINST AN ATHLETIC-TYPE AMAZONISH HE-SHE LIKE ME? YEE HEE!

OO! OO! NICE!

GOLLY... I FEEL ODD... STANDING HERE ALL NAKED AND EVERYTHING...



I'M AHHH!! ON!



MY ONLY SCENE IN THIS WHOLE STORY

GOTTA MAKE IT GOOD, Y'KNOW!



SQUISH

SQUISH

VOICE TONER



LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!!!

YEE HEE HEE!

OH, MY... LOOK AT HER GO!

~ HOW... HOW CAN I HOPE TO BEAT HER WHEN SHE CAN MOVE AS FAST AS THOSE LITTLE CHARACTERS IN THE CARTOON MOVIES???

IS SHE STRONGER THAN ME, TOO?

WHAT'VE I GOTTEN ME INTO?~

OH, DEAR...



# The End

~ of PART ONE, folks! But, don't worry: PART TWO is in this same issue! WE just had this was a good spot to do the ol' continuity bit, besides which, the hell with you!



**BA-AD MUDDA!**





# Nymphomina Goodpussy

OH? READY FOR 'NYMPY'S' FIRST FULL-FLEDGED ADVENTURE, HA? SO, OKAY, THEN, HERE WE GO!

NYMPHOMINA IS OUT FOR A STROLL DOWNTOWN. AND THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW. CLZ FROM THIS POINT ON, THE VISUAL PORTION OF THE STORY BEGINS AND YOU'LL ONLY BE READING BRIEF INSERTIONS VIA THESE STORY-CAPTION BOXES - BUT THEN, THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE FOR, TO TRANSPORT THE READER FROM SCENE TO SCENE SO AS NOT TO DOM NATE IN RELATIVE OFFENSE.



**YOUNG LADY!!!** I-- I MEAN, YOUNG LADY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A PROFESSIONAL MODEL?

I'M NYMPHOMANNA GOODPUSSY, SIR, AND-- WELL I DO NEED A JOB, BUT I'VE NEVER MODELED BEFORE...

NO MATTER! I AM AN **EXPERT!** I WILL **TEACH** YOU, NYMPHOMINA!

WELL, ALRIGHT, THEN, I'LL TRY MY BEST TO BE A **GOOD MODEL**, SIR!

**GREAT!**

COME WITH ME! WE'LL START **IMMEDIATELY** IN MY **PRIVATE OFFICE!**

B-BUT MR. SLOPDOGGLE--

--WITH YOU GONE, WHO'S GOING TO HELP ME? ALL THE OTHER GIRLS ARE AT LUNCH!

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO **HUSTLE** THEN, MISS JONES! I'M GOING TO BE... **VERY BUSY** FOR THE NEXT 2-3 HOURS!

SO-- **HOP TO IT!** REMEMBER THE MAIN! DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP, ETC.,

YES, SIR...

OH! MY, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL OFFICE! --SO **BI-IG!**

YES! AND IT EVEN HAS A **SECRET BED** (IN IT)!

--ER, IN CASE YOU GET **Tired** WHATWITH THE **MODELING** PACE'S I'LL BE PUTTING YOU THROUGH--!







THIS IS THE OLD STORY- CAPTION BOX AGAIN, TO MAKE A REFERENTIAL FLASHBACK PROCLAMATION! "BOY! DAT OL' GENIE SURE DID A GOOD JOB ABOUT MAKING NYMPHOMANIA INNOCENT AS A NEWBORN, AH?!" -RIGHT! NOW, BACK TO OUR STORY!







HI, AGAIN! **SUDDENLY!**







**POOP!** NYMPHOMINA IS SO SHOCKED AT THIS UNUSUAL-  
LY GORY DISPLAY BY GRASS GREEN (WHO  
DON'T USUALLY DO BLOOD N' GORE) THAT SHE  
CAN ONLY WATCH IN FROZEN HORROR AS MISS  
JONES COMMITS BLOODY, GORY MAYHEM UPON  
MR SLOPDOGGLE'S NAKED PERSONAGE WITH  
HER SHARP LITTLE DAGGER! BY THE WAY...  
DID'JA NOTICE HOW NOBODY IN THIS STORY  
EVER PAID ANY ATTENTION TO NYMPY'S CUTE  
LITTLE WAIST BELT? THAT'S BECAUZ IN THESE  
STORIES, NOBODY CAN SEE IT (BE WE CAN!)?



'AT'S RIGHT, FRIENDS! NYMPHOMINA  
JUST RUBBED 'HER MAGIC GENIE BELT!



SORRY, MISS JONES, BUT NYMPHOMINA IS OUT  
OF YOUR LIFE AND HEADED FOR ..WHO KNOWS  
WHERE? BUT IT'S FAR ENOUGH AWAY THAT  
SHE WON'T BE AROUND TO ATTEND YOUR MUR-  
DER TRIAL (JUST PLEAD "INSANITY"), SO, GOOD  
LUCK THERE, SWEET, AND GOOD-BYE! *Jks*  
HEEHEE HA HO GIGGLEDY NYUKNYUK! *End*

# PART TWO!

— WHEREIN WE PICK UP  
RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT  
OFF: WITH WARLA AND  
QUEEN TITTY SQUARING  
THE THRONG OF SHE-MAN ISLE!

OFF TO SEE WHO OF THE TWO WINDS UP RULING THE THRONG OF SHE-MAN ISLE!





UH-OH!! THE GIRLS WANT **BLOOD!!** THEY KNOW I'M ONLY **TOYING** WITH WARLA ~ I'D MUCH RATHER BE MAK'NG HOT LOVE TO HER ~ BUT, I COULD BE **DENOUNCED** FOR MY FOLLY!! SO MUCH AS I HATE THE THOUGHT, WARLA MUST DIE! -NOW!

BUT, OH, ISN'T HOW I LOVE THE WAY HER TITS JIGGLE AS SHE DUCKS AND DODGES ~!



-BUT, SHIT, FIRST I'M GUNNA KILL THAT PILOT!

LHHHH

**YAYYY!**



OH, NO~  
DON~  
DON!

AT'S IT!  
KILL  
HIM,  
FIRST!

**CUT HIS  
DONG OFF!**



**MAKE HIS BALLS FLY!**

GOOD-BYE, NASTY  
EVIL MAN!!



..HA?  
WH-  
WHUT?

I'll..I'll NEVER  
GET THERE IN  
TIME, SOB'S

OUT OF DESPERATION,  
WARLA FLINGS HER  
WEAPON!



UNH!



WH-?  
OW!

WHY,  
YOU--!

Then, the two naked  
bods are struggling in  
hand-to-hand combat!



EE! OW! UNH!

OH!

UNH!

SCREECH

YOWL!

..IH!

YOU--!

OOHH-H. ON-H. OOOO!  
GOD, GOD, HER TITS!!  
SO O O SOFT! -IF IF  
ONLY I COULD SUCK AND  
NIBBLE ON 'EM, JUST  
ONCE BEFORE  
KILLING HER.



UHH  
UHH  
OW!

BUT, NO! ~ SHE'S  
FIGHTING TO SAVE  
HIM! SO, NOW,  
DAMMIT I'LL KILL  
BOTH THEIR  
ASSES!



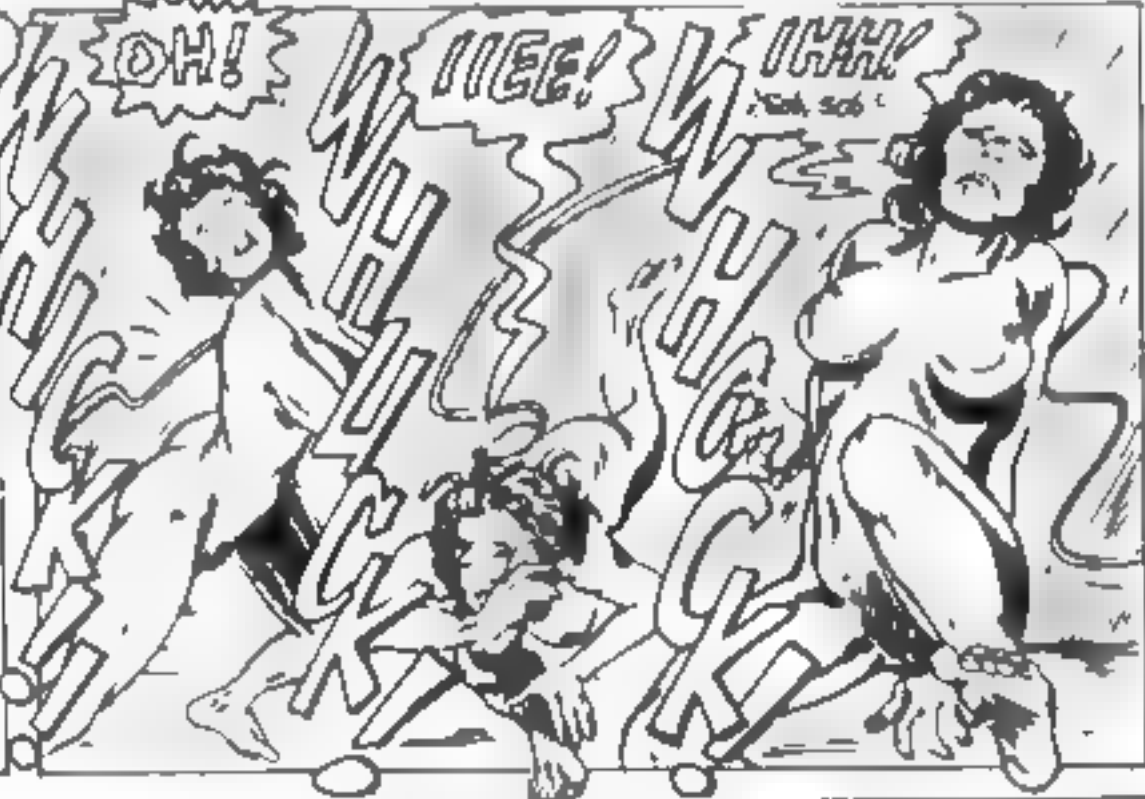
Hee  
hee  
heh!

RUF RUF!  
GEEZ, SHE'S  
NOT EVEN  
TIRED!

FIRST,  
THOUGH, I'LL  
MAKE HER  
SUFFER  
AGONIZING  
PAIN!



THIS FOR PREFERING A  
PREF. MAN OVER ME,  
YOU BITCH!!



Unable to bear the lashing whip,  
Baria RUSHES to the inside, and-



OOOF!

UHHNH

WUMP!

GOOD MOVE  
BY THE  
REAL GIRL!

MM! SURE CAUGHT  
QUEEN TITTY BY  
SURPRISE!!

Suddenly, it's OVER!



LOOK! SHE'S  
DOWNED  
THE QUEEN!

SHE AWAITS OUR DECISION!  
DOES QUEEN TITTY LIVE?  
OR DIE?

HOODA  
THOUGHT  
IT??

WHY  
DOESN'T  
SHE  
STRIKE?

WE MUST  
DECIDE!

QUEEN TITTY'S BEEN A GOOD RULER! SHE  
KEPT ALLEN AWAY FROM OUR ISLAND! SO OUR  
DECISION CAN ONLY BE...



# DEATH TO QUEEN TITTY!!!







**WELCOME TO BIGG CITY, USA!** - Like most any other sizeable town in America, BIGG CITY has too many tall buildings, too many cars, too many buses, too many people (and too many animals running loose crapping wherever and whenever they please - and too many feet stepping in it.)



Not to mention too few jobs...

SIR, I'M OUTTA WORK AND CAN'T FIND A JOB... COULD YOU HELP ME OUT WITH A COUPLA HUNNERT BUCKS?

- NH, SURE, WHY NOT?



Yes, BIGG CITY has its share of famous places and M-famous places. Good cops and not-so-good cops. BIGG CITY has its UPTOWN and its DOWNTOWN... it has its urbanites, suburbanites, and its mid-city dwellers. But, worse of worse BIGG CITY has the ghetto of all ghettos on the west side called SHANKS.



In the ghetto, people are poor. Times are hard. Jobs are scarce. In SHANKS, it's even worse. People merely exist. And life is cheap.

☆-GNNH☆

- AIN'T EVEN ENOUGH HERE FOR A FUCKN DINT!



GHHH... GGGHH...

So meet ABRAM "ABE" KIX, 20, ghetto kid. Abe is tired of it all - tired of being poor, tired of living in a rat-infested tenement, tired of all the muggings, winos, dimps, hookers, junkies, corrupt cops, foul air and filthy streets.

I HATE THIS DAMN PLACE! SOME DAY, I'M GUNNA MAKE IT OUTTA HERE! I'M GUNNA GET TH HELL OUTTA HERE WHERE I CAN DO SOMEPIN'... BE SOMEBODY!

YEAH, BABY YOU CAN DO T, TOO! I JES KNOWS YOU GUNNA GET LE OUT OF DIS DAMN PLACE..



Abe Kix wants out Abe Kix wants MORE out of life.  
Abe Kix wants to DO something BE somebody! Abe Kix wants to rise up--

# UP FROM THE GHETTO

LOOK LAK  
ANOTHA ASSES  
BROWN, EH,  
LUCINDA?

YEAH, GIRL. LATEST OUT  
IZZAT THE WEST-BOARDS  
GONNA RUMBLE WIF  
THE SPIDERS!

MY  
LAWD. MY  
LAWD.

MAY BE  
ANOTHER  
TERRITORY  
IS PUTE AH?

WELL AN HOPES DEY  
ALL GO OWN AN JBS KILLS  
EACH OTHAH! MAYBE DEN  
US WILL HAS SOME PEACE  
AROUND HEAH!

MUS  
IS

YOU SURE ALL THE  
GUYS KNOW WHERE TO  
MEET SHUTTY? I DONT  
WANT NO DRAIN  
LAY-BACKS~!

SURE DIVE. DONT  
WORRY! ALL THE GUNS'LL  
BE THERE! EVEN AT  
SHOOTY ABE KIX WILL  
BE IN ON THIS N!

AT S GOOD MAN!  
WE GUNNA NEED  
EVERYBODY FOR  
THIS RUMBLE!



Abram Kix... Almost 21... but, jobless and living at home with his Mom, Dad, and two sisters, Eileen and Sheeba



Abe has a lot to think about without being bothered by a baby sister



THE COPS VE GOTTA KNOW ABOUT IT, BUT DO THEY GIVE A SHIT? NAW... LET SHANKS' NIGGERS AND BREEDS FUCKN KILL EACH OTHER FOR ALL THE COPS CARE... HELPS T' KEEP TH' WORLD SAFER FOR FUCKN WHITEY...

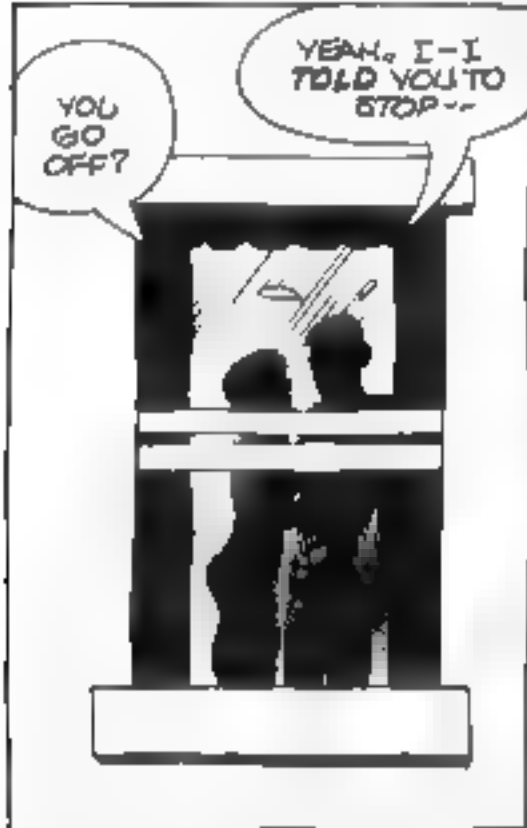


I DON'T WANNA FIGHT. IT'S STUPID TO MAYBE GET KILT OVER JUST ONE FUCKN TERRITORIAL STREET ON OUR SIDE OF THE FUCKN GHETTO! -STUPID!!









WELL WHY THE HELL NOT?

HOW D'YOU KNOW YOU WON'T BE ~~KAT~~ IN THAT, STUPID RUMBLE? -AND HERE I'D BE WALK N' AROUND HERE PREGNANT!

BESIDES, MY... FOLKS'LL BE COMIN' BACK... ANY MINUTE, NOW! YOU BETTER GO..

GOOD LUCK AT THE RUMBLE TONIGHT-- I - I LOVE YOU, ABE!

YEH.. RIGHT, THANKS, HEAPS



'EY, ABE! WHAS HAS'NIN', BRUTHA?

NUTHIN' HUGHIE.. JUS' FUCKN' NOTHIN', THAT'S ALL!

WHY YOU WEARIN' YOUR SWEATER FUNNY?

FUCK YOU, MAN.. FUCK EVERY-BODY!

HEY MAN, WHAT'S GOT'CHOO IN A SNIT? TH' BIG RUMBLE T'NITE GOTCHA NERVOUS?

WELL WHY NOT? JUS' LOOK AROUND US, MAN!! DIRTY, SMELLY STREETS.. GARBAGE N' CRAP ALLOVER.. FUCKN' BUILDING'S ARE FALLIN' APART..

AND WE'RE GUNNA FIGHT THE SAIDERS FOR CONTROL OF THIS 'BEAUTIFUL' TURF?!



'EY, DAH, YOUNG BLOOD! GIVME A QUARTER FO A CUPPA COFFEE?

SORRY OL' DUDE.. I'M TAPPED OUT!

FUCKN' WINOS ALL OVER TH DAMN PLACE UGLYIN' UP THE STREETS..



'EY, MAN, WHAT DAT BOY SAY? -HE TRY'NA INSULT ME? AH'LL CUT'M, I AIN' LYIN', JUNIOR~!

AW, FORGET HIM, DUDE.. MY POONA THERE DID'N MEAN NO OFFENSE, HONEST!



HE JUS' FEEBUN' A LITTLE DOWN WID DAT OL' GHETTO BLUES, YA KNOW?

YEH? WELL, HE SHO' BETTA WATCH T WHEN HE TALK 'BOUT ME, COFF I'LL SHO' CUT HIM ONE -!

YEAH, SURE, AHA I'M FUCKN' SCARFT ST FF!

..DRUNKEN OL' FART!





NO, LIKE IT OR NOT, I'VE GOTTA BE AT THE RUMBLE... OTHERWISE THE GUYS WD MAKE LIFE REAL BAD FOR YOU AND TH' WHOLE FUCKN FAMILY! REAL BAD~!

DON'T BE LATE!



AND SO

RIGHT!

EVERYBODY HERE? —GOOD! THEN LET'S GO IN N' WIPE THOSE DAMNED SPIDERS OFF TH' FUCKN MAP!

RIGHT ON!



LET'S GO!

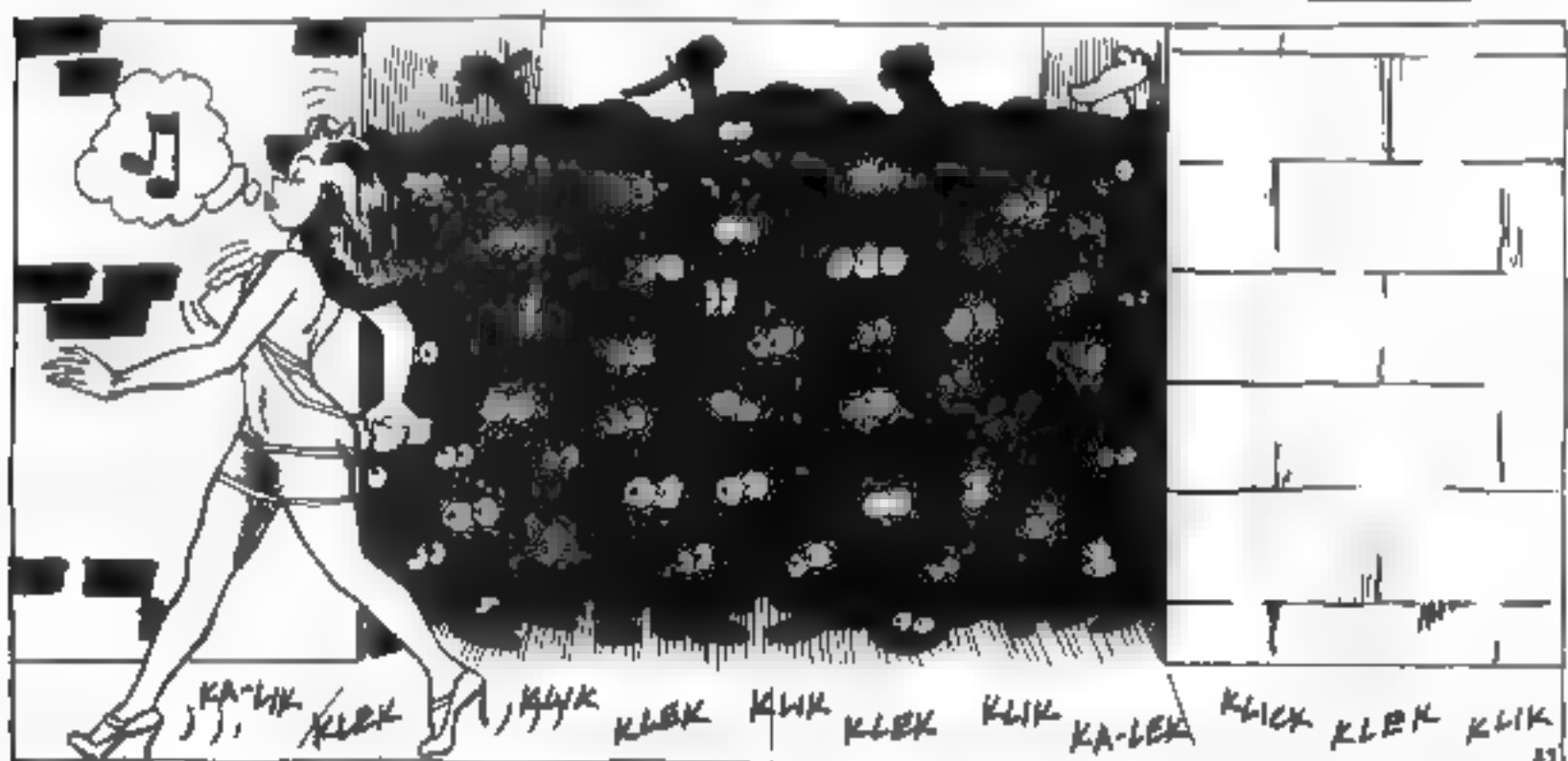
AND SO

SPIDERS, THIS'S OUR TURF! GET OUT, OR YOU'VE FUCKN HADDIT!



WESTSIDERS, THIS WAS YER FUCKN TURF! WE'RE TAKIN' OVER! NOW IT'S FUCKN OURS!









JUS' WANTED T'TELL YAS, YA DID FUCKN PROUD LAST NIGHT! MAN, WE BUSTID MUCH ASS! ON 'SPECIALLY PROUD O' YOU, ABE! THOUGHT FOR AWHILE THERE THAT YOU MIGHT CHICKEN OUT ON US

GAH!



WHO?  
-ME?

UH, DIVE. NOW THAT YOU KNOW I AIN' NO COWARD, I-I'D LIKE TAST YA SOM'PIN'...

YOU JES' FUCKN NAME IT, BRO! ANYTHING!

YOU HEARD THE MAN, SUPER HERO SHIT, NAME IT!



I-I'D LIKE OUT OF THE CLUB, MAN. I-I JUS' FUCKN WANT OUT!

WHUT?!!

YOU WANT OUTTA THE WESTSIDERS?

YOU HEAR DAT, DIVE?!!  
FUCKN WHINER IS A FUCKN COWARD! I KNEW IT!!!



YA FUCKN BLACK-ASS COWARD! DONT NOBODY 'QUIT' THE FUCKN CLUB! I OUGHTTA KICK YO' CRYIN' ASS F'M HERE TO SHIT CITY, YOU—

'EY! SHUT-UP, SHORTY, AND LET ME FUCKN HANDLE THIS, DAMMIT!



... I WAS JUS' GITTIN' TO LIKE YOU KIX. I REALLY WAS! BUT TO EVEN THINKA QUIT'N THE WEST-SIDERS IS... IS TREASON, MAN! IT'S FUCKN YELLOW TALK.. COWARD TALK! I FUCKN DON'T LIKE IT!

— FUCK YOU, KIX! YER ON MY FUCKN PERSONAL SHIT LIST NOW, SON! I DON'T LIKE OR TRUST YA. YOU ARE A WALK-IN' DEAD BOY UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE YOU'RE WORTH HALF A SHIT! LET'S GO, SHORTY!



-I'M SORRY! I DIDN MEAN IT-ADVEST! I W'S ONLY JOKIN', DIVE, Y'KNOW?



YOU'LL BE A WEST-SIDER 'TIL YOU DIE, NIGGA! AND IF YOU EVER MENTION WANTIN' OUT AGAIN, I WILL PERSONALLY BEAT THE COWBOY SHIT OUTTA YOU ER'RY TIME I SEE YO' BLACK ASS, YOU FUCKN—

C'MON, SHORTY!









